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A Collection of POEMS;

Conſiſting of

ODES, TALES, &c.

AS WELL

ORIGINALS as TRANSLATIONS.

Amongſt which are,

The Power of Gold.
Damon's Complaint, a Paſtoral.
The Prophecy, to Mr. *P—t—y*.
To *Celia* a decay'd Coquet, who deſired a Song.
Timoclia, or the Power of Virtue, an Heroick Tale.
The Miſer's Wonder, a Tale.
The Power of Verſe, an Ode.
The Nun and Abbeſs, a Tale.
The Progreſs of the Sun.
The Miracle, or Stateſman grown wiſe by Reproof.
Cleopatra to *Auguſtus*, ſuppoſed to be left after ſhe had poiſon'd herſelf.
The Cure of Cuckoldom, a Tale.
An Epiſtle to the V. *B*——.

WITH SEVERAL

Imitations of *Anacreon*, *Horace*, *Catullus*, &c.

Dedicated to the Right Hon. William Pulteney, Eſq;

By the Author of The DUEL a POEM.

LONDON:

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BRITISH MUSEUM

To the Right HONOURABLE

W. Pulteney, Eſq;

IN a Miſcellany, wherein there is not a Line of Flattery, or ſo much as one double Entendre to recommend it, there was no hopes of ſucceeding, but from the conſpicuous Virtues of its Patron: and in ſuch a Caſe, the addreſſing it to You, SIR, can ſcarce be called a Choice.

The Virtues of Mr. *Pulteney* are ſo many, that his very Enemies admire them, and ſo great, that even his Friends

are never ſuſpected to flatter, whenever they commend them.

But I chuſe to quit a Theme on which I could ſay ſo much with pleaſure; becauſe I am ſenſible, I can ſay ſo little with Succeſs, and retire to the mention of certain Points, of which it is with Reluctance that I ſpeak at all.

That *Corruption*, which o'erſpreads the Preſent Age, is not only viſible in Tranſactions of State, or the Affairs of Human Life, but is equally remarkable at leaſt, in the Republick of Letters. Nor is it any Wonder, the Loſs of Virtue including the Loſs of Taſte; the *Greek* Spirit of Writing, and of Liberty, fell together; And

And the Elegancy of the *Latin* Stile, declined in exact Proportion with the *Roman* Empire.

The Liberty of the Preſs is one of the greateſt Bleſſings to the Nation, and as ſuch, it is no Wonder it has given ſome People ſo much Diſturbance; but I confeſs I am ſurpriſed, when their Heads were teeming with Regulations, when they were continually harraſſing the Publiſhers, and proſecuting the Printers of ſuch Writings, as defended the Principles of Liberty, amongſt a Free People; *Blaſphemies* ſhocking to a Chriſtian, and *Obſcenities* diſagreeable even to a Man of *Natural* Religion, were daily ſuffered with Impunity to come abroad.

The

The graver Pieces in the following Pages, will be perfectly safe under Your Patronage: But permit me, SIR, (since there is nothing in them can offend the strictest Virtue) to consecrate the softer Part of my Productions to Mrs. *Pulteney*, and so become entirely secure. Since tho' it is but too manifest, that our Vices can raise a Party against a *Patriot*; yet we are not sure become so barbarous, but that the Power of *Beauty* may prevail.

I am, SIR,

Your most devoted Servant,

The AUTHOR.

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A

Collection of POEMS;

Conſiſting of

ODES, TALES, &c.

The Power of GOLD.

—Pecunia primum eſt,
Virtus poſt Nummos.—

VIRTUE in antient times held high eſteem,
Tho' now regarded as an empty Dream:
The *Hero* gain'd from Her his Lawrel Wreath,
She too the ſofter *Myrtle* did bequeath;
In Arts, in Arms, her Influence was known,
She lead to *Pleaſure*, and She gave *Renown*.
But *We* no more, Alas! ſuch Scenes behold!
Dethron'd is *Virtue*—in her ſtead reigns *Gold*.
Poſſeſs'd of this, thro' Life you'll ſail with Eaſe,
And wind, and turn your *Fortune* as you pleaſe.

Of *Gold* poſſeſt — you are whate'er you will,
In every Science, every Art have Skill.
If you harangue, — leſs ſweet was *Tully*'s Tongue;
Your Poems, more ſublime than *Homer*'s Song;
Power, Title, Splendor, all the Joys of State,
Lord of this Magick Oar! upon thee wait!
Alone beyond the Reach of *Gold* — lies Eaſe,
And all that *Virtue* now beſtows, is *Peace.*

To BELLA.

BELLA, for you I tune the Lyre,
Which you, and not the Muſe, inſpire;
If e'er its Numbers merit Fame, —
It only is when you're the Theme:
Since while thy Beauties I rehearſe,
Thoſe Beauties glide into my Verſe;
Which whenſoe'er it ſoftly flows,
That Softneſs to thy Charms it owes.
If it to bolder Thoughts aſpire,
It from thy Eyes derives its Fire.
At once my Miſtreſs, and my Muſe,
You Wit as well as Love infuſe.

The Loss of MYRA's *Lap-Dog.*

WHILE *Myra* drown'd in Sorrow lies,
Thus her afflicted Lover cries:
Ah! whence the Source of all this Grief!
Can *Myra*'s Woes find no Relief!
Your Father, or your Sister dead,
Ah! ten times worse — poor *Diddle*'s fled.

To the V. B——.

I.

CAREFUL of *Britannia*'s Fate,
While you her antient Deeds relate;
And shew us from the Parallel,
How much beneath ourselves we're fell.

II.

Think how swift is Life's Career,
Forget not then to ease thy Care,
Nor to sweeten Life omit,
Sparkling Wine and sprightly Wit.

III.

ROME's ST. JOHN thus when *Cæsar*'s Arms
Fill'd *Italy* with War's Alarms,

In rich *Falernian* ſought to drown
His Country's Sorrows and his own.

IV.

Like him then let the chearful Bowl
Thy *Patriot* Cares awhile controul;
Forget the Errors of the Times,
Albion's Woes and ——'s Crimes.

EPIGRAM.

REbus in anguſtis facile eſt contemnere Vitam,
Fortiter ille facit, qui Miſer eſſe poteſt.

MARTIAL.

By Want oppreſt, even Cowards can Life diſdain,
But they are truly *Brave*, who all its Woes ſuſtain.

VERSES *deſign'd for Muſick.*

MY Houſe nor boaſts of Gold or Plate,
Nor lofty Rooms or beds of State;
All my Utenſils are Plain,
Homely all, and only clean.
But yet ſome Furniture I boaſt,
Beyond the Reach of Art or Coſt,

Content

Content you'll in my Cottage find,
A chearful Heart, a quiet Mind;
The Courtier's Gold I want 'tis true,
But then I want his Troubles too.

To BELLA: *A Roundelay.*

I.

THE Earth no more in Winter mourns,
But pleaſant Verdure cloths the Ground
And as the ſportive Spring returns,
The wanton Lambkins friſk around;
In vain, alas! they round me play,
I ſtill am dull, for *Bell*'s away.

II.

Now opening Flowers juſt ſtart to Light,
How wondrous ſweet each Landskip ſeems;
New Scenes of Pleaſure court our Sight,
While *Phœbus* ſhines with lengthen'd Beams;
Yet vain to me his chearing Ray,
Since brighter *Bella*'s yet away.

III.

Green Shades adorn the Mountain's Brow,
Cool Streams refreſh the enamel'd Meads,
A thouſand various Odours now
Thy Siſter Goddeſs *Flora* ſpreads.

Since

Since Earth then ſmiles and Nature's gay,
O come, my *Bella*, come away.

The Complaint of DAMON: *A Paſtoral.*

NOw ſunk with Purple Rays the ſetting Sun,
And pleas'd the Peaſant ſaw, his labour done.
Pent in their Folds the Flocks no longer bleat,
And homewards tend the Kine with ſwelling teat;
Sweet flies the ſmelling Air before the Breeze,
And all Things new but *Damon*'s Heart had eaſe.
Ah *Lucy!* *Lucy!* ſaid the ſighing Swain,
Long, long e'er this thou might'ſt have ſold thy (Grain,
Nor loiter'd thus unmindful of my Woe,
And careleſs of thoſe Pains I undergo;
Thoſe Paine that ſtill in abſence on me ſeize,
To which the Parting Pangs of Death were Eaſe.
What dreadful Cares diſtract my aching Thought!
What gloomy Scenes are in my Fancy wrought!
Perhaps ſhe has old *Hobſon*'s Nephew met,
The Booby who muſt all his Riches get.
Of Wealth deſirous, *Lubin* may prevail,
And Golden Heaps may gild his homely Tale:
Or ſhe by chance may ſprightly *Colin* ſee,
Colin for Song ſo fam'd, ſo full of Glee;

His

His Verse perhaps her female Fancy move,
And triumph o'er my artless Strains of Love.
Ah *Lucy!* *Lucy!* when at *Starbridge* Fair
Our Masters Cheeses were thy *Damon's* Care,
Soon were they sold, and soon return'd I home;
Ah half so soon would charming *Lucy* come!
But cruel she, or heedless of her Swain,
Or with some Rival Youth does now remain.
That Ancient Saw too true, alas! I find,
That Women's Vows are wav'ring as the Wind.
How, faithless Fair, can you ungrateful prove?
In spite of Falshood why should *Damon* love?
Yet see who trips so quick thro' yonder Glade!
'Tis She! 'tis *Lucy!* 'tis my lovely Maid;
False all my Fears, false my Suspicions were,
Her Heart is constant, as her Face is Fair.
Swift to her Arms the eager *Damon* flew,
As flies the Arrow from the twanging Yew.

An ODE.

I.

WHILE, *Phœbus*, you in lofty Verse
Point out the shining Path to Fame,
Some antient Hero's Deeds rehearse,
Or sing some modern virtuous Name.

On

II.

On thee thy attentive Hearers gaze,
Caught by the Muſick of thy Song;
And view with a well-pleas'd Amaze
Th' Effects of Age in one ſo young.

III.

I by my ſofter Genius led,
Implore the willing Muſes Aid,
And Themes of Glory laid aſide,
Tranſported ſing my lovely Maid.

IV.

While *Bella*'s Beauty claims my Voice,
While *Bella*'s Charms direct my Lyre,
I in Captivity rejoice,
Nor from my Bondage would retire.

V.

As Diſtant thus has been our Lays,
So Different too, be our Reward:
Be Mine the Fair-One, thine the Bays,
And each will think himſelf preferr'd.

The PROPHECY.

——*Majora canamus.*

GRown from the Ruins of his Country Great,
When young *Octavius* triumph'd o'er the State,
Slaughter by War, and by Proſcription ſpread,
Shew'd wretched *Rome*, her laſt great *Patriot's* dead.
Thus pitying *Virtue*, in dejected Strain,
Mourn'd o'er the Aſhes of the glorious Slain:
In *Rome*, alas! are all my Hopes expir'd!
By me no more her Noble Chiefs inſpir'd
Their *Gen'rous Thoughts* in *Senates* ſhall expreſs,
Or from my *Auſpice* meet in Arms ſucceſs!
All that could draw Reſpect or Love afford,
In *Tully* dy'd, or fell on *Cato's* Sword!
Inevitable Fate decreed their Doom,
And *Virtue* falls, alas! with falling *Rome!*
Jove heard the Goddeſs, and to calm her Woe,
The Courſe (ſaid he) of late *Events* I ſhow.
Ages to come, A Chief there ſhall ariſe,
In Weſtern Climes, where happy *Albion* lies,
Whoſe Noble Breaſt thy utmoſt Force ſhall claim,
Reſtore thy Glory, and exalt thy Fame.

Pulteney! thy tears ſhall dry, thy griefs conſole,
Rome's parted Graces ſhall in Him be whole,
The Tongue of *Cicero*, with *Cato's* Soul.

On a LADY's *Illneſs.*

I.

WHY ſeems the Purple Violet pale!
Why does the Roſe no longer ſmell!
Sickneſs charming *Bell* invades,
And Sympathetick Nature fades.

II.

Pain o'er that lovely Form prevails,
Nor Youth, nor Piety avails!
Nor can the moſt exalted Soul
Human Feebleneſs controul.

III.

Yet Heaven, in pity to my Love,
Bids the dire Diſeaſe remove;
Her Eyes rekindled, Health foretell,
And beating Joys my Boſom ſwell.

IV.

The Sun thus by a Gloom o'erſpread,
The drooping Vegetables fade;
Reviv'd by his returning Ray,
They ſmile again, again look gay.

To CÆLIA, *a Decay'd* Coquet; *who deſired a* SONG.

I.

AH! *Cælia*, while with ſtudious Care
You turn each Ringlet of your Hair,
Think how the Moments paſs away
That ſoon, alas! ſhall turn them Grey.

II.

In vain with Artificial Dye
Nature's Bloom you would ſupply;
The Roſe and Lilly could you ſpread,
Roſes and Lillies too would fade.

III.

Looks put on with ſo much Pain
Languiſh now, alas! in vain;
Eyes no longer Love inſpire,
When they've loſt their native Fire.

IV.

Dreſs and Paint then lay aſide,
Of borrow'd Beauty leave the Pride;
Studied Art, and vain Diſguiſe,
Men admire not, but deſpiſe.

V.

If Female Rage could hear ſo long,
If yet *untorn* this *guilty* Song,
Let me adviſe you e'er I end,
Not as a *Lover*, but a Friend:

VI.

Cælia, cultivate your *Mind*,
That may yet Admirers find;
Care on *that* were juſtly plac'd,
Since its Beauties ever laſt.

TIMOCLIA; *or the Power of* Virtue: *An Heroick Tale for the* Ladies.

WITH juſt Applauſe triumphant Virtue reign'd,
While glorious *Greece* her Liberty maintain'd;
That Liberty which all her Fame hath wrought,
While *Sparta* practis'd, and while *Athens* taught.
Nor to the Men alone this Flame confin'd,
It warm'd the Boſoms of the ſofter Kind;
With gen'rous Heat, did Female Souls inſpire,
And heighten'd Beauty's charm with Virtue's fire.
All this we have on learned *Plutarch*'s Word,
Who would not hear what *Plutarch* would record?

Now

Now *Philip*'s Son, by Thirſt of Empire fir'd,
To Lord it o'er the *Grecian* World aſpir'd:
Fortune propitious crown'd him with Succeſs,
And early Lawrels the Young Hero bleſs;
The Powers of *Greece* in vain his Arms oppoſe,
And from their vanquiſh'd Force his Empire roſe.
Before the Walls of *Thebes* his Armies lie,
The Citizens his utmoſt Pow'r defy:
Deſire of Conqueſt urg'd th' Aſſailants on, (Town.
While Virtue, more than Strength defends the
'Till not from theirs, but from their Fortunes fault
By Numbers preſt, they bend beneath th' Aſſault.
The *Macedonians* urge the flying Throng,
And pour impetuous through the Streets along.
Th' unpitying Soldiers vent their Fury there,
Nor feeble Age nor helpleſs Infants ſpare,
Such is their Thirſt of Blood, and ſuch the
Rage of War!
Now were thro' *Thebes*, by hopes of Plunder led,
Rapacious Troops of hungry Victors ſpread:
It hap'd a Captain of the *Thracian* Horſe
Into a Widow's Palace broke by force;
With brutal Rage, he ſeiz'd the richeſt Prey,
His Soldiers bear the ſhining Spoils away.
While the rude Chief, intent on farther Stealth,
Each private Place explores, in ſearch of Wealth,

Hid

Hid in the inmoſt Room the Dame appears,
Fair amidſt Woe, and beauteous ev'n in Tears.
Swift are the Turns in Boſoms prone to Vice,
Now burning Luſt ſucceeds his Avarice:
Still with a brutiſh Fury hurried on,
Reſolv'd to force, he throws the Fair-One down.
Her Strength ſhe knew, nor Prayers would here avail,
Yet hopes from female Arts ſhe might prevail,
" Ah! why, my Lord, is us'd this needleſs Rage?
" Where Youth, and where that Manly Form engage,
" I by thoſe Charms am doubly Captive led,
" Nor come unwilling to my Hero's Bed;
" But firſt, my Lord, the Bridal Dower receive,
" While yet 'tis in thy Handmaid's pow'r to give:
" Command your Soldiers from yon Court to riſe,
" There in a Pit, my ſecret Treaſure lies,
" Large Golden Goblets by my Father giv'n,
" And Gems reſplendent as the Stars of Heav'n.
Caught by the Tale, he quits the trembling Fair,
And Spoil again becomes the Wretch's Care;
Retiring Troops their Leaders Voice obey,
As thither haſty now he bends his way;
Anxious with Hopes of the approaching Gain,
The Lady follows, with her Virgin Train.

" Here

" Here is, my Lord, (ſaid ſhe) the Pit I meant,
" Theſe Stones are plac'd to cover the Deſcent";
Thoſe ſoon remov'd, in two large Heaps are thrown,
And eager he, is by a Cord let down.
Now from the Bottom ſounds a doleful Noiſe,
The hollow Eccho of the Monſter's Voice:
While thus ſhe ſpeaks;—There with thy Gold remain,
Nor let thy Crimes again the earth profane.
Downwards with all her force a Stone ſhe threw,
Quick to the Work her ready Damſels flew;
Deſcending Heaps ſoon fill the ecchoing Grave,
And thus at once both Death and Tomb they gave.
The Victor's Soul relenting at the Sight
Of mangled Bodies, ſlaughter'd in the Fight,
By the loud Trumpet's Sound Command is ſpread,
That of the *Theban*'s Blood no more be ſhed.
Their Chieftan's Death now by his Soldiers found,
Lo! faſt in Chains th' heroick Fair is bound,
Forth ſtrait ſhe's hurried to the fartheſt Gate,
Where on's Tribunal *Alexander* ſate.
Array'd in Purple is the Monarch ſeen,
Of comely Grace, and more than mortal Mien.
The Charge ſet forth, He bids the Dame declare
Her Name, and of what Houſe her Parents were;
Sir (ſhe replied) *Timoclia* is my Name,
And of an honourable Stock I came:

Theagines

Theagines will beſt my Lineage tell,
My Brother who at *Chæronea* fell;
Where the *Greek* Freedom firſt your Arms o'er-threw,
And I his Siſter ſhare his Virtues too.
To ſhun a loath'd Defilement of my Bed
I ſlew your Soldier, Glory in the Deed,
And ſtand prepar'd for all that can ſucceed.
The aged Chiefs that round the Conq'ror ſate,
Already with moiſt Eyes deplore her Fate;
Sternly the HERO roſe,—Why flow your Tears
When *Alexander* judges whence your Fears;
Is it ſome barbarous Prince about to ſpeak?
Or as a King, am I no more a *Greek?*
Hence with theſe Chains,—*Timoclia* be thou free,
And ſafe from Harm, all who depend on thee.
With glad Amazement ſhout the joyful Throng,
And thro' all *Thebes* their loud Applauſes rung.

From ANACREON.

I.

WHILE I quaff the Roſy Wine,
With enliven'd Wit I ſhine,
Singing then the *Muſes* Praiſe,
Double Fire inſpires my Lays.

II. While

II.

While I quaff the Roſy Wine,
I feel, I feel, the Power Divine!
Free me from all Sorrows Sway,
And puff, like Wind, my Cares away.

III.

While I quaff the Roſy Wine,
All my Faculties refine,
My Temper grows ſerene and fair,
Like a Summer Evening's Air.

IV.

While I quaff the Roſy Wine,
Crowns of od'rous Flow'rs I twine;
Singing to the ecchoing Grove,
The Pleaſures of that Life I love.

V.

While I quaff the Roſy Wine,
To ſoft Paſſion I encline;
My Miſtreſs then my Song empłoys,
And all Love's pleaſing painful Joys.

VI.

While I quaff the Roſy Wine,
Every Delight is mine;
Youth does again my Veins inſpire,
I lead the Dance, I join the Choir.

VII.

While I quaff the Roſy Wine,
I its Force to Reaſon's join;
And ſteel my Breaſt againſt that FALL,
That Common FATE that waits us All.

The MISER's *Wonder: A Tale.*

SCAURUS, the veriеſt Gripe alive,
Whoſe only Maxim was to thrive;
The common Jeſt of ev'ry Tongue,
The Line diſgracing whence he ſprung;
Tho' grudging ev'n of Food the Charge,
A Palace built, immenſely large:
Its Inſide Rich, its Outſide Great,
He liv'd, or rather ſtarv'd in State.
By chance *Pomponius* paſſing by,
Upon the Building caſt his Eye.
Scaurus, who knew his perfect Taſte,
His Entrance begs,—if not in haſte.
He lights,—then civily is ſhewn
The Wonders of each ſtately Room;
Paintings from diſtant Climates brought,
Carpets that were in *Perſia* wrought,

You

You might with wonder there behold,
And Roofs reſplendent all with Gold.
By the large Stairs deſcending down,
At laſt they enter the *Salon*.
There *Scaurus* thus accoſts his Gueſt:
Since with your Preſence I am bleſt,
Oblige me, Sir, in this Demand;
Theſe Pannels, that unfiniſh'd ſtand,
I would have Pictur'd with ſome Scene
That never yet had painted been:
Direct my Choice.—If Odneſs pleaſe,
E'en paint a Man that ſeems to ſneeze.
Thy Humour, good *Pomponius*, change,
I would have ſomething really ſtrange.
What ſtranger yet!—then prithee draw
PLENTY,—that Thing you never ſaw.

HORACE's 30th Ode, and 1ſt Book, *Imitated.*

AS *Bella* dreſs'd the other Day,
My Lyre upon her Toilet lay;
Here ſaid the Wanton, Prithee ſing,
And try if *Venus* you can bring.
My Voice I raiſe, my Fingers play,
(For Lovers always muſt obey)

The Lyre I from its Sleep awoke,
While thus the Goddeſs I invoke:
QUEEN of Love! and Queen of Joy!
Hither! hither! hither! fly.
Sweet Perfumes their Odours raiſe,
Here a Siſter Goddeſs ſtays;
O come, and with thee bring along
Of little *Loves*, a ſmiling Throng;
O with thee bring the *Graces* too!
And if once more thy Bard may ſue,
Let *Wit* the little *Cupid* guide,
Wit and *Love* ſhould be ally'd.
They come not, ſaid the ſmiling Fair,
Yes! yes! they are already here;
In that reſplendent Mirror view
Love's Goddeſs, and the Graces too.

The Power of VERSE: An ODE.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona.
Multi, ſed omnes illachrymables
Urgentur, ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate ſacro.

I.

THAT potent Monarchs ſway'd,
And valiant Warriors liv'd in days of old,
Tho' now their Memory's decay'd,
We ſtill believe, howe'er obſcurely told.

As

As yet unknown the Poets ſacred Flame,
That to the Hero's Deeds gives endleſs Fame.

II.

Unlighten'd by the Muſe,
Oblivion ſhrouds the Honours of that Age,
In vain another Path to Fame they'd chuſe,
No Power can force it, nor no Worth engage.
From mighty *Homer*, thus the Glory ſprings,
Of Great *Achilles*, and the *KING* of *Kings*.

III.

But for his Verſe, a thouſand Years agon,
That arduous Siege had been unknown to Fame;
Immortal ſtill his Work preſerves the Town,
Tho' now no Ruins point its Ancient Frame.
Tho' Gods its ſtrong Foundations laid in vain,
Thy ILIUM, *Homer*, ever ſhall remain!

IV.

So vaſt the Force of the Poetick Rage,
That Glory ever waits the Tuneful Song,
Æneas ſhines in *Virgil*'s ſacred Page,
And fair *Corinna* is in *Ovid* young,
Eliza's Fame in *Spencer* doth remain,
And *Addiſon* immortalizes *ANNE*.

V.

O could my Numbers reach ſo bold a Height,
While burning with my Country's Love I glow,

My

My Lays ſhould do ſome Patriots Virtues right,
Or Paint a *P—lt—y*, or Deſcribe a *H—we*;
To lateſt Days tranſmit their Glorious Fame,
And from the ſhining Work deſerve myſelf a Name.

An Imitation of CATULLUS.

I.

FAIR-ONE! think how hard the Task
I in telling you receive,
How many Kiſſes I would ask,
How many Kiſſes you ſhould give.
Fair-One, Pen and Paper take,
A long Reck'ning it will make.

II.

Count the Sand yon Breezes move,
Tell the Stars that nightly ſhine,
Add the Leaves in yonder Grove,
And all in one large Total join.
Then for each Leaf, each Grain, each Star,
A balmy Kiſs beſtow, my Fair.

III.

Still thy Lover would have more,
Theſe, alas! are far too few;
A thouſand times repeat them o'er,
Ten thouſand times that Sum renew.

'Till

'Till too vaſt the Product grow,
For Tongue to tell, or Thought to know.

ANACREONTICK.

SINCE Life is ſoon gone,
Why ſhould Sorrow laſt long:
Since in the dark Grave
No Pleaſure we have,
'Tis but fit we be Gay
While the preſent Hours ſtay.
Then fill up the Bowl,
And reach me the Lyre,
As the Wine warms my Soul
It my Verſe will inſpire.
While the Moments are flying,
We ſhould be enjoying;
Since Life is ſoon gone,
Let not Sorrow be long.

The ABBESS *and* NUN: *A TALE.*

From Boccace.

THAT we by Nature all are Frail,
That Paſſion often will prevail,
Is too well known for me to teach:
Prepoſt'rous then it is to preach

Of

Of Faults in Others, when we know
That We the ſame things daily do.
For tho' Hypocriſy a while
May ſcreen us, and the World beguile,
A Shame where,e'er the Devil's in debt,
'Tis ten to one but he cries quit,
And by ſome Accident reveals,
All that the would-be Saint conceals;
Whips off the Vizard in a trice,
And ſhews the naked Face of Vice:
So in one Moment ſhames us more
Than all whom we expos'd before.
In gay *Boccace*, this Tale we find,
A ſhrewd Example of the Kind.
In Days of Yore, in *Lombardy*,
There ſtood a well endow'd Abby;
Where all the Siſters thought good Cheer
A mighty help to pious Pray'r,
And daily flutter'd at the Gate,
Where num'rous Gallants always wait.
Be ſure no harm, poor Souls, they meant,
To ſee Life's Follies their Intent;
A needful thing you muſt allow,
For who can hate before they know?
Their Lady Abbeſs was a Prude,
So over nice, ſo very good,

That

That Sanctity was all her Joy,
No time from that ſhe could employ,
Talk'd always in a pious Way,
And pray'd at leaſt ten times a day;
Then in her Charge ſo very zealous,
A Word, a Smile, would make her jealous,
And if a Nun look'd not demure,
It coſt a Lecture of an Hour.
The Dames themſelves in Tempers vary,
Some dull, ſome gay, ſome mad, ſome merry,
Of ſprightlieſt mould, thoſe who were fair,
Such as were homely, more ſevere,
Who, from the Nature of the Sex,
Unfit for Love, were prone to vex,
Still with the Lady Abbeſs ſided,
And at Coquetry always chided;
Start at the very Name of Man,
And wonder how ſuch Thoughts began;
From Texts and Fathers prove it plain
That Dreſs and Ornaments were vain:
Still dinning thus the Young-ones Ears,
'Till the poor Things were drown'd in Tears,
Tho' the great Crime was in plain truth
Their Beauty, and the Charms of Youth.
Too ſoon by rigid Parents plac'd,
This Abbey many a Fair-One grac'd;

But all the rest did *Isabell*
For Form, for Wit, so much excell,
That equal Torments from their Love
The Beaus and Belles from Envy prove.
From all the Butterfly Gallants,
Who would make Sinners of those Saints;
Young *Florio* bore away the Bell,
Florio, the Ladies *Non-pareil*;
In Dress, in Person, so compleat,
So gay, so pert, so full of Wit,
That he like *Isabell* doth prove
The But of Envy and of Love.
Fram'd as if Nature had design'd
They should be to each other kind,
Love was a Stranger to their Thought,
'Till at one Glance they both were caught:
Thus Steel and Flint do Flame unfold,
Tho' till their meeting both were cold.
Their mutual Flame warm Thoughts inspir'd,
Both nearer Intercourse desir'd:
But Vows, alas! and what was worse,
Walls, Gates, and Bars obstruct their Course.
Walls, Gates, and Bars! say you, what then?
Lovers are always more than Men:
Why so it prov'd; for *Florio* found
A way to undermine the Ground,

That often at the dead of night
Burglariouſly he ſtole Delight,
'Till at th' Approach of tell-tale Day,
The am'rous Thief fled ſwift away.
An Intercourſe like this of old,
As by *Muſæus* we are told,
Made *Seſtos* and *Abydos* wonder,
The *Hero* ſhe, and he *Leander*.
Long thus in Joy our Lovers liv'd,
Their Daily Cares by Night reliev'd,
'Till Fortune like a Croſs-grain'd Jade,
Their Covert Happineſs betray'd,
And brought a *Damon*, in the form
Of an *Old Maid*, to work them harm.
She paſſing *Iſabella*'s Cell,
Like *Ralpho* ſoon the Rat did ſmell.
Two Tongues, methinks, (quoth ſhe) I hear!
My Life! my Love! my Soul! my Dear!
Spoke with ſuch Tranſport and Emotion,
As plainly prov'd 'twas not *Devotion*,
Confirm'd her ſtrait. Away ſhe flies,
To fetch a Guard of Female Spies,
That at the Lovers Door might wait,
And ſurely cut off all Retreat.
They come,—as Carrion-Crows they watch,
Or Bloodhound-Bayliffs on the Catch.

While others as malicious went
To give the fatal Secret vent,
Knock'd at the Lady Abbeſs' Door,
As if they'd beat it on the Floor.
Amaz'd at ſuch unuſual Din,
And ſomewhat buſy too within,
What would you have ſo late at Night?
I've drop'd my Candle in the Fright.
O Siſter *Iſabell!* —*What of her?*
Has let ſome Lover in we fear.
A Saucy Minx! Stay, good now ſtay,
I'll ſlip my Gown and come away.
So ſaid, her Veil thrown on before,
She goes, but firſt ſhe locks her Door.

Now ſoon is their Impatience eas'd,
And Arm in Arm the Lovers ſeiz'd:
The Spark confin'd, is left to ſtay,
Poor *Iſabella*'s drag'd away;
Strait to the Chapter-Houſe is brought,
All triumph in the Fair-One's Fault.
Her Chair the Lady-Abbeſs in,
Thus did her loud Reproof begin:

Lewd Wretch! who by no Bounds confin'd,
Nor Modeſty nor Vows could bind;
How, after this ſo ſhameful Night, —
Wilt thou behold the Face of Light?

Where from thy Conſcience can'ſt thou fly?
How hope to live, or think to die?
Still on at the ſame rate ſhe went;
Poor *Iſabell*'s Eyes were downward bent,
While all the envious Standers-by
Twitter with a malicious Joy.
But *Iſabell* at laſt by chance
Rais'd up her Head with happy glance,
And on the Abbeſs' Forehead ſaw
Something that made an awkward Shew;
Gath'ring her Wits, ſhe look'd again,
The ſecond View reveal'd it plain.
The Abbeſs ſaw her wand'ring Eye,
What, Huſſey, have you no Reply?
Won't all that I have ſaid prevail?
Good Madam, rectify your Veil;
My Veil, you ſaucy Slut, how now!
Pray Madam, ſee what ſhades your Brow.
O dire Miſchance, ſhe in her haſte
Had there the Parſon's Breeches plac'd;
For as the Uproar firſt began,
She who had ne'er a Thought of Man,
Was with the Pariſh-Prieſt a-bed,
And nightly drove the ſelf-ſame Trade.
The Abbeſs overwhelm'd with Shame,
Fled now as haſty as ſhe came;

The

The rest were in Confusion too.
Away the crafty *Ischell* flew,
Her Lover freed,—not much in fear,
Since Silence was the Abbess' Care.
Those who *Sempronius* like believe,
That loud Pretences will deceive,
Prove only this old Proverb just,
The greatest Whores still cry Whore first.

From ANACREON.

LET us court the flowing Bowl,
Wine will ev'ry Grief controul;
Since our Labours all must fail,
What doth anxious Care avail?
Us unwilling Death will tear,
'Midst such Sorrow, what can chear?
Let the massy Goblet shine,
Pour aloft the Gift Divine;
Let us court the flowing Bowl,
Wine can all our Griefs controul.

The Progress of the SUN.

I.

SEE! the All-reviving Sun
His Vernal Progress hath begun.
How sweetly mingled Odours chear!
How fair do op'ning Buds appear!
The beauteous Product of the teeming Year.

II.

But now with a Directer Ray,
He warms our Fruits, and lengthens Day;
His Labours now reward the Swain,
The ripen'd Ear now swells with Grain,
And Golden Harvests crown the fruitful Plain.

III.

The glowing Car doth now retreat,
Sol warms with an Autumnal Heat.
Yet doth his ever careful Eye
Paint the rich Grape with Purple Dye,
Whose Juice in Winter must his Loss supply.

IV.

Ah! now his cheering Light declines!
Short and faintly now he shines;
Hardly our Fires 'gainst Winter strive,
While chill'd with Cold poor Mortals live,
Until again the Vernal Sun arrive.

A TALE: *From* Boccace.

THAT often Wits in low condition
Are forc'd by Want to mean Submiſſion,
Where Fortune's Favours have confer'd
The Pow'r of giving a Reward,
Is nothing ſtrange:—nor that the Great
Should ſuch with cold Indifference treat,
Or think with Words they can repay
The Dangling of a Life away.
But—that a Stateſman ſhould amend,
On a Reproof from Humble Friend,
Nay, ſhould excuſe his former Coldneſs,
And ev'n reward him for his Boldneſs;
I hope you'll own, is ſomething New,
And that your whole Attention's due.
By formal Proem thus prepar'd,
(Order ye know becomes a Bard)
The MUSE ſhall onwards now be got,
Like Carrier's-Horſe, in wonted Trot.
In Days of Old, no matter where,
There dwelt at Court a *Miniſter*;
In higheſt State by Fortune plac'd,
With Riches bleſt, with Titles grac'd;
In Pomp, in Plenty ſo excelling,
That Kings might envy well his dwelling:

His

His real Merit would ye know,
My Author ſays, 'twas but ſo, ſo:
Of middling Parts, immenſely vain,
Laviſh, yet greedy ſtill of Gain.
In fine, impartially to ſpeak it,
Was very Great,—and very Wicked.

To give of's Bounty an Example,
Or rather, of his Wealth a Sample,
He choſe to live at Country Seat,
And all in ſplendid Form to treat,
At vaſt Expence,—ſome Authors ſpeak
Of fifteen hundred Pounds a Week.
Yet what you'll ſay was ſomewhat ſtrange,
Their Note the People never change;
But ſneering cry, why where's the Wonder?
That he who robs, ſhould waſte the Plunder.

With many an uninvited Gueſt,
Young *Florio* came among the reſt;
Florio! who was by Trade a Wit,
And made his Livelihood of it.
Welcome to ev'ry Table He,
For quaint Conceits, and merry Glee;
Was *tout le meme*, or cool or mellow,
An entertaining pleaſant Fellow.

Much of *Polmurus* he had heard,
How he rewarded every Bard,

For ODE, or SONG, or ſuch-like Matter,
That did but cry him up, and flatter.
Thought he, *I'll try my Fate in Lyrick,*
And ev'ry ſort of Panegyrick;
With Proſe or Verſe for him make bold,
And turn, like others, *Wit* to *Gold.*

He wrote,—*Palmira* read and ſmil'd,
While Time's in Rural Sports beguil'd.
Good *Florio*, (quoth the courteous Lord)
You're always welcome at my Board.
Sir WILLING bow'd, thought he in time,
Something more weighty'll pay my Rhime.
Well on he writes,—'tis ſtill the ſame,
Invited ſtill,—ſtill *Florio* came;
Where in the Parlour or in Hall
He din'd and ſupp'd,—and that was all.

Mean while at Inn things went but ill,
There was run up a ſwinging Bill;
On ſtill it went from day to day,
'Till *Florio* knew not how to pay.
One mutter'd,—t'other curſed his Fate,
'Till of three Suits,—his whole Eſtate,
The beſt and richeſt, dire Miſhap!
Was forc'd to go to ſtop a Gap;
Yet in three Weeks ſo well they reckon'd,
My Landlord claim'd and had the ſecond.

Vex'd

Vex'd to the Soul at this Miſchance,
When next he did Attendance dance,
The chearful Look forſook his Face,
His Uſual Smile, his wonted Grace,
And on his Brow there now was ſeen
The ſettled Stamp of ſour Chagrin.
Polmurus ſoon obſerv'd the Change,
And gueſs'd the Cauſe,—yet would ſeem ſtrange;
And with ill-natur'd Pride, innate
To thoſe whoſe Heads are turn'd with State,
Florio (quoth he) methinks to day
You look than uſual much leſs gay;
Come, prithee tell us what you ail,
Are Tenants bad? Do Bankers fail?—
Stung with the Raillery to his Heart,
He ſeem'd to take it in good part.
'Tis true, my Lord, (ſaid *Florio*) then
In Verſe I'm thinking how to pen
A Tale that may be worth your Ear.
A Tale,—Ay good now,—come let's hear.
Scarce having time it to compoſe,
'Tis little better than mere Proſe.
Well Proſe, or Verſe, good Sir go on.
In *Paris* half an Age agon,
My Lord, there liv'd a needy Wit,
One *Guido*, many a Thing he writ;

Applauded ſtill,—yet for all that
Our Bard was poor as any Rat.
It happ'd, the Clergy of thoſe Times
The beſt Rewarders were of Rhimes,
And *Clugni*'s Abbot of them prov'd
Him, who the moſt the Muſes lov'd;
Whoſe Revenues had ſuch a Scope,
That none held better—but the Pope.
Thus doubly fitted for a Patron,
Guido reſolv'd, let what would happen,
That trudge he would in queſt of Money
Unto the Houſe of good Lord *Clugni*:
Yet firſt conſidering the way,
He took,—that he might Hunger ſtay,
Three Loaves,—ſo Hope beguil'd the Time,
He reach'd the Palace e'er they dine.
In without more ado he ſtep'd,
For open Houſe the Abbot kept.
Down at the Table being ſet,
Our hungry Poet ey'd the Meat;
But Major *Domo* did inform,
That he to Cuſtom muſt conform;
"The Abbot, Sir, ſees firſt his Gueſts,
"And 'till he's ſet, there's no Man taſtes."
Why then (quoth *Guido*) Friend o' mine,
'Twas well I brought whereon to dine.

Out

Out then he pulls his first Loaf ſtrait,
And broke in Pieces, falls to eat.
An Hour or ſo, from thence being reckon'd,
Out next he pulls, and eats his ſecond.
From Lattice our great Abbot ſpies
Poor *Guido* knawing with Surprize.
Looks on his Garb, and while he ſtar'd,
Out *Guido* lugs, and eats the third.
At that (quoth Reverend Father) ſtrait,
Quick to that Clowniſh Fellow get,
Enquire his Name and his Profeſſion,
And whence proceeds ſo ſtrange a Faſhion:
With Diligence the Servant flies,
Queſtions our Bard, who thus replies;
My Name is *Guido*, tell your Lord,
My Trade, a *Poet* on my Word.
I will, good Sir.—Nay prithee ſtay;
Beg his Advice too by the way,
If I this Bounty ſhall rehearſe
In humble Proſe, or lofty Verſe.
'Tis told.—The Abbot ſtrait deſcends,
Regales as uſual with his Friends;
Yet ſingles *Guido* from the reſt,
With whom familiarly to jeſt;
Finds him a Man of Wit and Spirit,
And tho' in Rags, of real Merit.

My

My Friend, at laſt the Abbot ſaid,
To day's Miſtake ſhall be repaid;
I like your Humour;—prithee hold,
An Hundred Crowns in ready Gold,
For preſent Wants a ſcanty Store,
But as that waſtes, I'll give you more:
Take from my Stable too a Horſe,
I'd gladly ſee you on the Courſe;
We'll quickly find ſome little Place,
Fit to maintain you at your eaſe;
'Till when,—'tis at your Option ſtill
To Stay or Go, juſt as you will.
I underſtand you, (ſaid *Polyarus*)
Nor ſhall you find me more penurious;
The Tale I beg'd,—'tis fit that I
As you have told it, ſhould apply:
Whatever preſent Wants demand,
Is, *Florio*, ſtrait at your Command;
With annual Penſion from this Day,
And leave at Will to Go or Stay.
Such Succeſs had our Author's Tale;
Ah! half ſo well would mine prevail!
Some Reader, now methinks I hear,
What Title does your Story wear?
The Miracle,—my Muſe replies,
Or, *Stateſman by Reproof made Wiſe*.

CLEO-

CLEOPATRA to AUGUSTUS.

Supposed to be left after She had Poison'd Herself.

CÆSAR! e'er you can this Epistle see,
From *Roman* Triumphs CLEOPATRA's free.
To Empire born, she scorn'd a servile Chain
Should the last Heir of *Ptolomy* prophane:
Mistress of Nations, Sov'raign of the East,
Much in my Pow'r, but in my Love more blest.
With *Antony* I shar'd Imperial Sway,
And with my Hero lavish Life away.
When *Fortune*, fickle Deity, decreed
That you, *Octavius*, should o'er us succeed,
Could you believe that *Antony* would bear
Inglorious Bondage from his Fate in War?
Could you believe, that Force would e'er controul
The stubborn Virtue of his Manly Soul?
Who taught you yet a Youth to conquer those
To God-like *Julius* who were mortal Foes;
Taught you to lead embattled Legions forth,
And gave you Empire from his single Worth.
But your Ambition grasp'd the total Ball,
A World divided seem'd for you too small.
Unhappy Favours of too kind a Fate,
Ingrateful first, e'er you were fortunate,

Forc'd

Forc'd by his Arms.—Your Foes already bend,
And none is left to conquer,—but your Friend.
With him unhappy *Cleopatra* too,
Her Own and People's Ruin owes to you.
None now in *Ægypt* Royal Robes ſhall wear,
No future *Ptolomys* ſhall Scepters bear;
To mighty *Rome* the fruitful *Nile* muſt bow,
No more a Kingdom,—but a Province now.
Yet I to ſee theſe Miſeries diſdain,
And ſcorn to ſwell a haughty Victor's Train;
But by my *Antony*'s Example taught,
(Who fell upon the Sword, with which he fought)
While yet a QUEEN is *Cleopatra* ſlain,
And undivided we in Death remain.
By *Love*'s united deareſt! cloſeſt Tye!
We Reign'd together!—and together Die!
Let Death aſſuage thy Hate, Revenge forbear!
O ſpare his Soldiers! and my Subjects ſpare!
May *Cæſar*'s Clemency in them be ſeen!
Is the laſt Wiſh of their expiring Queen.

The Cure of Cuckoldom: *A* Tale.

THE Secret from *Italian* Stores I bring,
And of the Cure of Cuckoldom I ſing;
While jealous Husbands with Impatience hear,
And wanton Wives yield an unwilling Ear.
In *Naples* dwelt, as doth my Author ſay,
Poor ſober *John*, and ſprightly *Cithera*;
A Lawyer He, and of a wealthy Store,
Much Buſ'neſs had, but ſtill his Wife had more.
The Court broke up, when he returning came,
A Crowd of Company block'd up the Dame.
At length they go.—Then prithee *Cythera*,
Who were thoſe Gentlemen above to day?
The Count my Couſin and my Unkle Lord
Were all the Strangers here, upon my Word.
Lectures were vain.—*John* ſtands without Reply,
He nothing ſays,—but thinks it all a Lie.
If o'er ſome crabbed Caſe he pores at home,
For Air his ſickly Dear abroad muſt roam.
What tho' with her his Couſin *Laura* go?
Women but ſorry Guardians are ye know:
Both may be guilty.—Where is then belief?
Do Sifters ever call a Sifter—*Thief*?
So much the Council's Brains, ſuch Notions toſt,
The *Breif*'s forgotten,—and the Cauſe is loſt.

To's Father-in-law full griev'd at laſt he goes,
There tells his Sorrows, and repeats his Woes.
Ay, (quoth the Sire) her Mother was juſt ſo,
When firſt I wedded, forty Years ago.
Her Years were then,—about ſome twenty five.
The Age exactly of my precious Wife.
I to reclaim her try'd, but try'd in vain;
At laſt,—I e'en forbore the needleſs Pain.
Thus let alone,—when to Threeſcore ſhe came,
Of herſelf ſhe grew,—A Sober, Pious Dame.
Now Jealous Husbands at my Tale look ſour,
And Wanton Wives approve—the certain Cure.

ODE.

Exegi Monumentum.

I.

FROM *Verſe* I ſeek a laſting Fame,
Verſe ſhall immortalize my Name;
On its ſounding Pinions I
Soar aloft, in Air elate,
Above Time and Envy fly,
And triumph o'er the Rage of Fate.

II.

In Oblivion's ſilent Grave
Reſt the Pious, and the Brave;

The

The powerful Prince, the Peaſant Clown,
Undiſtinguiſh'd, there remain;
The *Poet*'s priviledg'd alone,
From Death his Freedom to retain.

III.

See! to the harmonious Song
What mighty Honours do belong;
See! thro' how wide, how vaſt a Field,
Spreads the *Poet*'s endleſs Fame!
Heroes, Monarchs to it yield!
And leſs extended Glories claim.

IV.

Who can matchleſs *Homer* praiſe!
Or *Virgil*'s regulated Lays!
Pindar's inimitable Muſe,
Or *Horace*' ever-vary'd Lyre,
The Numbers *Waller*, *Dryden* chuſe,
Or tuneful *Pope*, who crowns the Choir!

V.

Could I, but to my Verſe tranſlate
Thoſe Graces that I emulate,
Led by theſe ſublimer Lights,
My changing Genius then ſhould prove
Th' exalted Epick's boldeſt Heights,
Or the ſofter Odes of Love.

VI.

So when theſe mould'ring Atoms fly,
And my Soul reſeeks the Sky,
Too aſſiduous Friends forbear
Unavailing Tears to ſhed;
Nor while his *Poems* living are,
Vainly think the *Poet* dead.

ODE.

Creſcit occulto velut Arbor ævo
Fama Marcelli.——

I.

SAY, *Muſe*, what *Hero* ſhall adorn
The flowing Numbers of my *Song*;
Or on thy ſoaring Pinions born,
What Name, from dark Oblivion torn,
Wilt thou to endleſs Fame prolong?

II.

Britain! beſt thy Choice can claim,
Let *Britain's Heroes* ſwell thy Lays!
Thee let thy Country's Love inflame!
Thee let ſome mighty Warrior's Name
Inſpire to offer, and to merit Praiſe!

III.

The *Williams*, *Edwards*, *Henrys* of our Iſle,
Shall with their Glories animate thy Page;
Each mighty Genius on thy Labours ſmile,
Inform thy Numbers, elevate thy Stile,
And equal to their own exalt thy Rage.

IV.

The *Muſe* my riſing Song reſtrains,
Lo ſhe deſcends! with Look ſevere!
While Britain *thus Corruption chains,*
Extended Rule while Vice maintains,
The Pomp of Verſe, Raſh Youth, *forbear.*

V.

Let thy Graver Lines declare
The Patriot's all-appeaſing Skill,
Who while tumultuous Parties jar,
Makes ev'ry Art of Peace his Care,
And ſtrives to calm thoſe Ills he cannot heal.

VI.

Who free from proud, or baſe Deſires,
Purſues alone the Publick Good;
Whom Honour, Juſtice, Truth inſpire,
Whene'er his Country's Wrongs require,
To eaſe the ſuff'ring People's Load,

VII. To

VII.

To ſtem the Rage of lawleſs Pow'r,
To trace Corruption's higheſt Source,
The Courtier's latent Crimes t' explore,
Bid fainting Virtue ſink no lower,
And give to *Laws* an unimpeded Courſe.

VIII.

Whoſe Virtues prop the falling State,
From Merit Great, in Titles low:
Or plainer to deſcribe him yet,
Poet, ſome great Example ſet,
The *Roman CATO*, or the *Britiſh HOWE!*

HORACE's 31ſt ODE *of his* 1ſt BOOK, *Imitated.*

TO Radiant *Phœbus*, God of Bays,
Horace his tuneful Votary prays,
And while he celebrates his Feaſts,
Thus he, the *Deity* requeſts:
Thy Bard nor ſeeks the Yellow Grain,
That Crowns the rich *Sardinian* Plain;
Nor Herds too numerous to be told,
Nor *Aſian* Teeth, nor *Indian* Gold;

I wiſh

I wiſh no *Villa*, by whoſe Side
Lyris with murm'ring Stream might glide:
Nor envy I, where Fate beſtows
The Vine, whoſe Cluſters bend its Boughs;
Nor view with a repining Pain,
The lucky Merchant's mighty Gain,
Whom Fortune, from ſome diſtant Land,
Leads back, with a propitious Hand.
Offſpring of *Latona*, I
Would only Nature's Wants ſupply;
A little Garden all my Wealth,
A Mind and Body both in Health,
Is all I wiſh; and that I be,
In Age, from Age's Follies free;
That ſtill thou would'ſt my Verſe inſpire,
And ſtill the *Muſe* direct my Lyre.

ODE: *In the Stile of* Anacreon.

ROUND my Head a Garland twine,
Of Roſes, and of Jeſſamine;
Sure, ſince Life is ſhort, we may
Have leave at leaſt to live a Day.
Of gen'rous *Greek* a Flaggon bring,
Reach me the Lyre, let *Mira* ſing:

The

The Flow'rs, that round our Foreheads are,
Teach us for preſent Life to care;
For ſince like Flowers, Life will decay,
Life ſhould like Flowers, be Sweet and Gay.

An EPISTLE, *To the V*—— B——.

——Tu pedeſtribus
Dices hiſtoria prælia Cæſaris,
Mæcenas melius.——

AS ſome Philoſopher, who from the Shore,
Surveys the Veſſels, that the Deep explore,
Sees buſy Mankind, for the ſake of Gain,
By Death ſurrounded, full of anxious Pain,
The Sport of Waters plowing thro' the Main;
Reflecting on their Labours, with a Smile,
Weighs in himſelf the Purchaſe with the Toil;
Pain, Grief, and Care, are on the one ſide told,
And to o'erballance theſe, on t' other Gold.
Again he ſmiles,—yet feels a pitying Pain,
That Human Nature ſhould ſuch Woes ſuſtain,
Wild the Purſuit, and Ah! the Prize how vain!
So you, my Lord, in wiſe Retirement live,
And ſee the World, in giddy Mazes ſtrive;
View all the Fabricks Fancy can create,
T' amuſe the Low, and to employ the Great;

Detect

Detect each ſpecious Shew, that cheats the Crowd
In wiſh'd *Juno*, but when caught a Cloud.
Tho' rare the Scenes of Life were ne'er before,
So ill deſign'd, or Actors e'er ſo poor;
Heroes and Statesmen former Ages grac'd,
In ours the Plots confus'd, the Parts miſplac'd,
Bl——h——ds by Nature form'd, by Fortune Great,
Burleſque our C——ls, and deform the State;
'Till, as the higheſt Bliſs 'tis underſtood,
To live unknown, and be obſcurely good:
And thus, my Lord, your Genius ſhines no leſs
In now Retiring, than when once in Place.

That happy Once, when glorious *Anna* ſway'd,
Belov'd at Home, and ev'n Abroad obey'd;
Supreme, in *Europe's* Feuds ſhe held the Scale,
And always bid the juſter Side prevail.

Now *Lewis*, who continued Succeſs knew,
The Plans of wide extended Empire drew,
By Arms he ſought to force, by Fraud to gain
Th' Imperial Diadem, and Throne of Spain.

Our *Heroin* then in *Europe's* Cauſe aroſe,
And bid her Troops the faithleſs *Gaul* oppoſe;
The faithleſs *Gaul*, o'ercome on *Danube's* Shore,
She bid again the *Roman Eagle* ſoar.

Nor here alone was *Anna's* Fortune fam'd,
Her daring Troops the haughty *Spaniard* tam'd;

No *British* Merchants there were Suppliants seen,
Iberia's Monarch sued to *Britain*'s Queen.

Renown'd in foreign Climes, at home in Peace,
Her Subjects liv'd in Plenty, and at Ease;
A *St. J—n, H——y, W——th*, rul'd the State,
And *H—we*, without the Aid of Titles Great;
Polite her Court, her Sway, tho' just, yet mild,
Her People flourish'd, and her Kingdom smil'd.

Weak are my Lays, but from a Muse more strong
Her Fame shall last, in *Pope*'s immortal Song.
Yet lest succeeding Times should think that Verse,
With partial Fondness, doth her Deeds rehearse,
In solemn Prose, would St. *J——n*'s learned Pen
Once more call forth the Glories of her Reign;
The noblest Author! and the greatest Queen!
Should make thy Work with double rev'rence seen.

Forgive, my Lord, the Boldness of the Muse,
That dares direct thy Genius, how to chuse,
Nor for Great *Anna*'s sake, the Task refuse.

So, long at *D—w—y* may'st thou dwell at Peace,
In honour'd Privacy, and learned Ease;
Despising Greatness, still secure from Fall,
Lov'd by the Best, and ev'n admir'd by All.
So, in the Process of revolving Years,
Whene'er thy Hist'ry to the World appears,

When-

Whene'er its Author's Usage Mankind knows,
(Whom Faction hates, whom Fraud and Power
Posterity shall think the Present Times
A Scene of Guilt, of Folly, and of Crimes,
Below the *Patriots* Care, the *Poets* Rage,
A corrupt, tasteless, and ungrateful Age.

The ADVICE.

I.

CARUS an Old Free-Thinker came
On a sick Bed to lie,
Then thus his only Son bespoke:
Here, *Ralph*, before I die.

II.

That Fortune is to us unknown,
Which may henceforth betide,
This Rule to thee I therefore give
Thro' Life's rough Storm to guide:

III.

In Mind, in Body, and Estate,
Be sure have no Director;
But of all Mortal Ills beware
The Lawyer, Priest, and Doctor:

IV.

The Parſon's Pray'rs thy Gold will reach,
However ſafe ye lock it,
The Doctor will thy Health deſtroy,
The Lawyer pick thy Pocket.

V.

But ah! quoth *Ralph*, without a Prieſt
How ſhall I reach Heavn's Gate?
Without a Doctor Life preſerve,
Or Lawyer my Eſtate?

VI.

Thy Conſcience follow, without Prieſt,
I'll warrant thy Condition;
Live Honeſt, you'll no Lawyer need,
And temp'rate, no Phyſician.

VII.

With Caution, Readers, mark my Tale,
Its Scope alone you'll find all
The Subſtance of our Beaux Eſprits,
Of Toland, *and of* Tindall.

TANTALUS, *or the* MISER.

THUS of one *Tantalus*, old Authors write,
That *Jove* his horrid Vices to requite,
Plac'd him where fragrant Fruits invite his Taste,
And where beneath his Lips the River past;
With Hunger prest, in vain he reach'd at those,
And parch'd with Thirst, in vain to this he bows.
False tho' the Tale,—the Moral still is good,
Since by this Wretch the Miser's understood:
To Want, by an insatiate Avarice drove,
The Vice becomes the secret Curse of *Jove*,
To bind his Hands; while useless lies his Store,
'Midst Plenty starv'd, and amidst Riches poor.

A SONG.

I.

WITH *Myra*'s Charms why should I strive?
Why seek to break my Chain?
More Joys I from her Sway receive
Than Freedom could obtain.

II.

While Kind and Constant, Fair and Good,
Why should I wish to rove?

Or

Or where such Favours are bestow'd,
Should I ungrateful prove?

III.

Ye Wand'rers, learn to love of me,
Keep to the Nymph that's kind;
The Joys you seek in vain while Free,
From Love's soft Band you'll find.

IV.

In Nature's state, while Mankind were,
Continual Wars they made;
But Peace and Friendship grew their Care,
When Princes they obey'd.

A SONG: *In Imitation of* Horace.

I.

PIERCE the Cask o'erspread with Mould,
Let the mellow Wine have vent;
Generous grown by growing old,
Source of Joy, and sweet Content.

II.

Various are th' Effects of Wine,
Its furious Rage, kind Heaven, avert;
To foster Mirth let it incline,
And all the Force of Wit exert.

III. Wise

III.

Wiſe *Socrates*, in Days of Yore,
This Way would unbend his Soul;
And *Cato*, tho' of Temper ſour,
Was often pleaſant o'er a Bowl.

IV.

Warm'd by Wine, all Bounds o'erſhot,
Slaviſh Cow'rds from Fear can break;
Bribes, Places, Penſions, quite forgot,
Ev'n Courtiers then, the Truth can ſpeak.

V.

Spread the Tables, heap the Fire,
To full Delight for once give way,
Let Wine our lengthen'd Joys inſpire,
'Till *Phœbus* brings us back the Day.

E I N I S.

III.

Wife Servants, in Days of Yore,
This Way would unbend his Soul;
And Cato, tho' of Temper stour,
Was often pleasant o'er a Bowl.

IV.

Warmd by Wine, all Wounds o'erlook,
Slavish Cow'rds from Fear can break;
Bribes, Places, Pensions, quite forgot,
Lev'n Courtiers then, the Truth can speak.

V.

Spread the Tables, heap the Fire,
To full Delight for once give way,
Let Wine our lengthen'd Joys inspire,
'Till Parting brings us back the Day.

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